

## For the Children

### A TALE OF A TEA TABLE.

By Ellen Manly.

Betsy Bobbity baked a bun—

A beautiful, big, bewitching one,  
So light that it fairly shone with pride,  
With currants a-plenty safe inside.

Patsy Poppity peeled a peach,  
A pear and a plum, and put them each  
In a tiny pie with frosted top,  
As fine as those in the baker's shop.

Three little maids to the pantry flew  
To look for the dishes, pink and blue,  
And a terrible tragedy happened next—  
And my! but the three little maids were vexed!

Young Puppety Pup came racing by,  
And the little red table caught his eye;  
Then never a bit he cared—not he—  
That he hadn't been asked to the dainty tea;

But he ate up Betsy Bobbity's bun,  
With all of the currants—every one,  
The three little pies at a single bite,  
And everything else there was in sight!

Dora Doppity cried, "Dear me!  
What a capital time to give a tea!"  
And she put the little red table out,  
With three little chairs set round about.

And Betsy Bobbity's Baby Blue,  
And Patsy Poppity's Precious Prue,  
And Dora Doppity's Daisy Dee,  
Were asked to come to a charming tea.

But never a word the three guests said,  
As they gazed with a smile right straight ahead;  
And never they showed the least surprise,  
Although, right under their very eyes,  
The rude and ravenous Puppety P.  
Ate all that they were to have had for tea!  
Which shows us plainly that Baby Blue,  
And Daisy Dee, and the Precious Prue,  
Were well brought up, and clearly knew  
That the proper, lady-like thing to do  
Was never to make remarks at tea,  
Whatever they chanced to hear or see.

—St. Nicholas.

### A NEW GAME.

"There's nothing new to play at all," said Grace.

"No; and I'm tired of digging in the sand," said Helen.

Mamma smiled into the children's faces, "Then it is time for my board party," she said.

"A board party!" echoed the twins.

"Yes; we shall have it this afternoon, but you must ask no questions, only do what I ask. That will be part of the pleasure to come. Each one get a board just her length and a nice piece of rope. That will be all until after luncheon," and mamma began reading her book again.

Grace and Helen went slowly back of the hotel to find their boards.

"What could mamma mean?" asked Grace, aged eight. Of course, Helen was eight, too. They had been at the seashore two long months, and were now tiring of most of their sports.

"Let's get our boards ready, anyway," said Helen.

At two o'clock the carriage came to the door, and mamma said to the twins: "Come, it is time to go."

The two boards and the two small coils of rope were put under the seat, and mamma said to the driver: "The same house as yesterday," and the carriage rolled away.

"It can't be floating on the breakers, because we are going away from the ocean," whispered Grace to Helen.

"That's so," said Helen. Mamma told bright little stories on the way. One mile was passed. Two miles. Then the horse stopped before a little cottage which was nearly hidden among tall trees. A woman met them at the door.

"Come right in. Rose was looking for you."

But inside the room the twins stopped suddenly and looked up at their mother, for there on the floor was a board about the size of theirs—but, lying on it, and strapped to it, was a beautiful child of eight years, with long golden hair and big blue eyes. She was looking up wistfully at the two strong children.

"I have brought you some playmates, Rose," said Mrs. Carter, gaily. "Now, we shall have a board party. Come, Grace and Helen, get on your boards," and playfully she bound them in the same manner as Rose, the arms being left free.

"First, shall be a game of ball," said Mrs. Carter. The boards were placed some distance apart, and the ball started between.

Soon the children were all laughing merrily, reaching out with their arms to get the ball. Later, a box was placed on the floor, near the three boards. In it were Grace and Helen's best dolls and a beautiful new one for Rose. The time passed quickly and happily, till a basket was brought out filled with good things to eat. A white cloth was spread between the boards, which were closer together now, and on it were put all the dainty things from the basket.

How hungry they all were. And how happy was patient little Rose.

"It's the best party I ever had," she said, hugging her new doll close. Looking up into her mother's eyes she was surprised to find them full of tears.

At last the twins were loosened from their boards, and they and their mamma said good-bye to the inmates of the little home, and the party was over.

Not quite, in results, at least. On the way home, with an arm around each of her precious girls, mamma told them of the accident two years before which had injured Rose's back. How she had had to lie on that board for over a year, because her parents were too poor to buy her the jacket which would make her back straight again. Also, she told a little of the father, who was not—well, not good and kind like theirs.

Grace and Helen were very quiet for a while. Then they leaned over and whispered together. At last Helen said:

"Mamma, we do not need that new cart and pony papa promised to get us when we go home. Do you think he would use the money to buy a jacket for Rose, if we asked him?"

"Yes, darling," said mamma, quietly; "I believe he would, if you both really wish him to do it."

And the twins, looking up happily, saw glistening